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The Jubilee Rhythm

OF ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX

ON THE NAME OF JESUS,

AND OTHER HYMNS.

BY

THE REV. DR EDERSHEIM,
TORQUAY.

LONDON:

JAMES NISBET & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
JUBILEE RHYTHM ON THE NAME OF JESUS,	5
SABBATH EVENING,	15
GRACE,	18
ON THE PASSION OF OUR LORD,	20
HALLELUJAH!	22
ZION,	24
ONLY THOU,	27
LONGING,	29
MATIN HYMN,	31
VESPER HYMN,	33
ANOTHER VESPER HYMN,	35
THE CLOUDED LIGHT,	36
TO-MORROW!	38
CHRISTMAS HYMN,	40
ASCENSION HYMN,	41
AN HUMBLE PRAYER,	43
EASTER CAROL,	45
ASCENSION HYMN,	48
CARE,	52
WRESTLING,	53
OUR LONELY HOME,	54
THE BEST IS YET TO COME!	56

In Memoriam.

For, ever was Thy covenant of love :
That what was Thine, Thou wouldest share,
And what was mine, Thou wouldest bear--
And now, still loving most, Thou art above !



Jubilee Rhythm on the Name of Jesus.

(JESU DULCIS MEMORIA*.)

JESU, name of sweetest thought,
Name with every blessing fraught—
But beyond all blessings here,
Is Thy Presence, Jesu, dear.

O Thou richest song of all,
Sweetest sound that e'er can fall,
Charmèd thought for ever nigh—
Jesu, Son of God, on high !

* Considerable difference of opinion prevails as to the authorship and even the title of this poem. It is not improbable that the original composition of the sainted Abbot of Clairvaux was subsequently added unto and enlarged, though in the spirit, and often in language taken from the writings, of that Father. I have given its fullest recension, as printed in *Daniel's* Thes. Hymnol., i. p. 222, where it appears under the heading "Jubilus Rhythmicus de Nomine Jesu," which seems most appropriate, though (vol. iv. p. 215) *Daniel* decides in favour of "Jubilus Rhythmicus in Commemorationem Dominicæ Passionis;" and *Mone*, *Hymni Lat.*, vol. i. p. 329, &c., contends for the title "Cursus de Æterna Sapientia." Perhaps in its unabridged form the poem may by some be deemed open to Archbishop

Hope of contrite hearts and meek,
Jesu, near to them that seek—
If to those who ask so kind,
Lord, what is it Thee to find!

Jesu, joy of hearts, most bright,
Spring of truth and inward light,
Sweetest joy of heaven above,
Far exceeding human love.

Trench's qualifying remark, "of a certain monotony and want of progress." Still, it has been thought best to reproduce it in its entirety, leaving each reader or compiler of hymns to select—with what doubtful critical light he may be able to secure—the portions to be retained or rejected. The deep spirituality, the intensity of love, and, generally speaking, the poetic elevation and beauty of each part, have determined me not to attempt such a task. Further critical remarks would here be out of place. Parts of this poem form the substance of three hymns in the Roman breviary, a verse from another source being in each case added. I know of two renderings into English of small portions of S. Bernard's poem, commencing respectively, "Jesu, the very thought is sweet," and "Jesu, the very thought of Thee." In his volume on the Ancient Church Poetry of Germany, *Wackernagel* gives (at p. 78) from a manuscript, dating *anno* 1347, a beautiful German version of what *Daniel* regards as the original recension of the hymn by S. Bernard. It only remains to be added, that in the present attempt to translate this as well as other Latin hymns, I have endeavoured not only to be literal, but as much as possible to preserve the form of the original. This may perhaps, in part, be pled in excuse of harshness in the rendering. But I venture to lay it down as a principle, that, while in translating prose writings, considerable latitude as to style and form may be allowed, often with very great advantage to the reader,—in *poetical writings, where so much depends on the form in which a thought is presented, on the words in which it is expressed, on the precise succession of the lines, and occasionally even on the metre and the rhyme, every effort should be made to follow the original as closely as possible*. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the grouping of the stanzas has been adopted with the view of bringing out more fully the meaning of the original.

Human speech it cannot say,
Pen it cannot e'er portray,
He who loves alone can sing
What it means to *Him* to cling !

Shut thy door, my weary heart,
Seek at night the better part—
Day or night, where'er I be,
Seeks my love Thy Face to see.

Magdalene, in morning gray,
Goes to see where Jesus lay—
Longs my heart for vision bright,
Longs my heart for better sight.

Fills my voice the empty tomb,
Jesus is not in its gloom—
Let me at His feet me cast,
Holds my love the Risen fast.

Jesu, wondrous King art Thou !
Victor-laurels deck Thy brow ;
Thou art altogether fair,
Bliss in Thee beyond compare.

With us stay, Redeemer dear,
On us shed Thy brightness here ;
Chase the darkness of the night,
Fill the world with sweetest light !

For Thy blessed presence, LORD,
Gives the knowledge of Thy word ;
Fetters of the earth it breaks,
Ardent love within awakes.

Love of Jesus, oh, how meet !
Love of Jesus, oh, how sweet !
Thousand times more glorious far,
Than our highest praises are.

This Thy bitter Passion shows,
And the precious blood that flows—
Gracious pardon now is sealed,
And the Father's Face revealed.

Jesus, then, let all adore,
Now let all His grace implore ;
Seek in Him to have your part—
Seeking, love shall fill your heart.

Thus we feebly own the love,
Richly poured from above ;
Own, in grace, His precious grace,
Haste to see His blessed Face.

Jesu, spring of pity high,
Jesu, hope of every joy,
Source of grace and glory bright,
Thou of hearts the true delight !

Who may fully sing Thy praise ?
Faltering voices here we raise—
Dare we, filled with joyous love,
Mingle songs with saints above ?

Oh, then, let me taste and see,
LORD, Thy gracious love to me—
Jesu, by Thy Presence dear,
Let me feel Thy glory here !

Jesu, Thy dilection,
Sweetest heart's refection,
Never satiates, ever fills,
Longing meets but never stills.

They who eat will hunger more,
Thirst anew who drank before—
Oh, the longing luxury
Of the heart that pants for Thee !

Wouldst the joy of Jesus know,
Must thy heart in love o'erflow—
Satisfied in Him, and blest,
Finds the soul eternal rest.

Jesu, praise of angels high,
Song of sweetest melody ;
Honey from the rock Thou art,
Heavenly Nectar in the heart.

Thousand times I long for Thee,
Come, O Jesus, come to me ;
Gladden, LORD, my heart in grace,
Satisfy me with Thy Face !

Ever-flowing stream of love,
Ever wafting hearts above—
Love that sweetest fruit will bear,
Fruit of life eternal there.

O Thou depth of love untold,
Joy that e'er the heart doth hold,
Sovereign mercy unsurpast,
Let Thy kindness hold me fast.

Yes, to love it is most blest—
LORD, Thyself my sole request ;
Let all vanish then and flee,
Let me live, from hence, in Thee !

Thou art my eternal part,
Hope of every praying heart—
Inmost longing of the meek,
Tears of penitence Thee seek !

Though I wander far and wide,
Will I seek Thee by my side ;
Oh what joy to find Thee near !
Oh what bliss to hold Thee here !

Fills the heart delight untold,
Heavenly fellowship I hold ;
Could such joys for ever last,
All too quickly are they past !

What so long I asked, I see,
What I sought I have in Thee ;
And, while joying in Thy love,
Long the more for Thee above.

Love which from Thy Loving flows,
Neither change nor end it knows,
Fails not, loses not its glow,
Evermore must brighter grow ;

Love that fresh desire awakes,
Meeting it most blessed makes ;
Love, delighting, knows aright,
Knowing, tastes of fresh delight ;

Love which heavenly love imparts,
Love which dwells in inmost hearts,
Love which lightens up the mind,
Pleasure true alone can find ;—

Oh what sweet and holy fire,
Oh what ardent, blest desire,
Oh what rich refection,
Loving Thee, eternal Son !

Blossom of the Virgin-womb,
Heavenly light in earthly gloom ;
Humbled once, to glory raised,
And in songs eternal praised !

Come, oh come, most glorious King,
Thou, whose praises angels sing ;
Ever longs our soul for Thee,
Help us clearer now to see !

Brighter than the sunlight calm,
Fragrant more than sweetest balm ;
Better Thou, more precious, dear,
Than our broken pleasures here.

Every sense and taste is filled,
Every yearning, LORD, is stilled—
Thou alone canst be the part,
Jesu, of each loving heart.

Thou, heart's delectation,
Thou, love's consummation,
Thou, best consolation,
Jesu, our salvation !

Thou hast conquered glorious,
And returned victorious ;
Yet though now enthroned on high,
Ever Thou to us art nigh !

Art Thou risen, and reignst above ?
I am bound to Thee in love ;
Never art Thou far from me—
Gracious LORD, I follow Thee !

Heavenly denizens draw nigh,
Lift the jewelled gates on high,
And to Christ Triumphant sing :
Jesu, hail ! of glory King !

King of glory, King of might,
King of victory most bright ;
Blessed Jesu, full of grace,
Image of the Father's face—

Thou, the truth, the life, the way—
Thou, the Sun of endless day,
Chase our sorrow's darksome night,
Pouring down Thy glorious light !

Praise the LORD, thou heavenly choir,
Answer thou seraphic lyre,
While a joyous, ransomed earth
Sings the story of her birth.

Reign, O LORD ! in peace most blest—
Reign in sweet, unbroken rest ;
Ah ! how longs each weary heart
There to have its joyous part.

To the Father gone art Thou,
Entered heaven's glory now ;
And my heart is gone from me,
Bound, O Christ, in love to Thee !

LORD, we follow with our praise—
Vows, and prayers, and hymns we raise ;
Grant, O Christ, eternally
There to dwell in light with Thee !

S. BERNARD, of *Clairvaux*.





Sabbath Evening.



THOU best Beloved of all,
Spring of hope, and Fount of light,
Fast the evening shadows fall,
Grant us, LORD, Thy presence bright !

Guilty sinners pardon seek,
Through Thy all-prevailing blood ;
Hear us, Jesu, Saviour meek,
Wash us in that cleansing flood !

LORD, in love to us descend
With Thy promise sure and sweet ;
LORD, Thy gracious Spirit send ;
For Thy heaven make us meet ;

Each rebellious rising still
Of the foolish, wayward heart ;
Each unuttered longing fill
With Thyself the better part.

Thou, who once a summer's balm
Pouredst on the troubled sea,
Shed within a holier calm,
Speak Thy peace eternally !

Oh ! we know not what to ask—
Whether best the quiet be,
Or resume unfinished task—
LORD, we leave it all to Thee !

Not like Jacob on the stone,
Lay we down our head to rest ;
Never is our journey lone,
If we pillow on Thy breast.

Closes round the silent night,
May we angel-visions see ;
Wakes anew the morning-light,
Still, O LORD, we are with Thee.

And at last, when we lay down,
Grant us, LORD, in sovereign grace,
Each to wear the victor's crown—
Each to see Thy blessed Face !

Oh the wondrous, gladsome day—
Day that knows no changing night—
Weary with the toilsome way,
Long we for Thy glorious light !

Yet in this we joyous rest :
Jesu, whether *there* or *here*,
What for ever makes us blest,
Is alone Thy Presence dear !





Grace.

HOW wondrous is Thy sovereign grace !
What lieth in that word,
Thou only knowest, LORD—
And we, when once we see Thy Face.

No heart nor tongue on earth can tell,
The wide and mighty sweep
Of mercy high and deep—
In heaven alone we know it well.

When first from sleep of death we woke,
And trembled as we saw
The guilt of broken law,
It was Thy voice in grace that spoke.

Not faith nor what our hands had wrought—
The blood of Calvary,
To all eternity,
In grace, has joy and pardon brought.

And since we heard that blessed sound,
Which taught us that we may
Believe, and ever pray,
Thy grace hath kept and hedged us round.

Thus, LORD, we go from strength to strength,
Still leaning on Thine Arm,
Still kept from sin and harm,
Till heaven, in grace, we reach at length.

And there, with never-ending swell—
On yonder side the flood,
All cleansèd in Thy blood—
We sing the grace we love so well.





On the Passion of our Lord.*

(CHRISTUM DUCEM, QUI PER CRUCEM.)

TO Him who death endured hath
To set us free, to Christ our King,
Our gladsome praise we jointly raise—
Let heaven with hallelujahs ring.

Oh let the gloom of Jesu's doom,
And of thy Cross the agony,
Now move each heart to seek its part
Henceforth, Redeemer dear, in Thee !

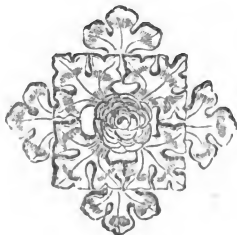
The mocking reed, the wounds that bleed,
The shame, the strokes, the face bespit
Of Thee, our King, oh let them bring
To us the gracious benefit.

* This hymn, which is ascribed to S. Bonaventura, is given by *Daniel*, vol. iv. p. 219, and by *Mone*, vol. i. p. 112. It has been attempted in the translation to retain the metre of the original, and to reproduce the double rhyme in the *middle* and *end* of the first and third lines of each stanza, which should accordingly be somewhat emphasised in the reading.

Oh may the flood of precious blood
Awake within the mourning cry ;
Thy grace dispense, and wholly cleanse,
Thou Framer of the starry sky !

Our longing still, our spirits fill
With comforts of Thy dying love,
That each may rest, for ever blest,
Redeemer, LORD, in Thee above !

—ST BONAVENTURA.





Hallelujah!

(ALLELUIA, DULCE CARMEN, VOX PERENNIS GAUDII.)

HALLELUJAH, sweetest singing,
Sound befitting endless joy !
Hallelujah now is ringing,
Angels' chosen, wrapt employ,
Sacrifice of praises bringing
In that home beyond the sky.

Hallelujah—ah, no other
Sound becomes thy joyous throng ;
Hallelujah, Sion mother,
Is thy never-ending song—
Still by Babel's streams, dear mother,
Exiles for thy sight we long !

Hallelujah is not fitting
Song unbroken here, at best—

Hallelujah intermitting,
We, with sense of sin opprest,
And, as penitence befitting,
Humbly pleading, smite our breast.

Yet we praise—while still entreating,
O thou blessed Trinity,
That at last in glory meeting
We Thy Paschal feast may see,
And the LORD in triumph greeting,
Hallelujah sing to Thee!

—*Ancient Latin Hymn.*





Zion.

OH, to stand within thy portals,
Zion, city of the blest—
Hear the song unsung by mortals,
And for ever be at rest !

We on earth are always thinking
Of the bitter, parting night ;
But the saints above are drinking
At the fount of golden light.

For the joying and the seeing
There are joinèd into one,
Where another state of being,
Flows from sight of God's own Son.

Lo, what glorious change and brightness—
For the stainèd pilgrim dress
Now that robe of purest whiteness,
Thine unspotted righteousness.

Through the jewelled gates are wending
Ransomed saints their joyous way,
By the golden streets resplending
With the light of endless day.

Lovèd spirits here are greeting
With familiar voice of love ;
Fellow-conquerors are meeting
In their peaceful home above.

How that sunlight has unfolded
What we knew as blossoms here !
How that grace in beauty moulded,
What we held on earth so dear !

Scarce could even love discerning
Know the passing glorious change,
And renewèd wonder learning,
Finds what best it knew most strange.

Unborn thought is here extending
Through the endless spheres above,
And we have, with joy unending,
Knowledge, beauty, truth, and love.

Hark, the elders' harp-notes swelling
To the King their praises bear ;
Hark, the virgin-souls are telling
What had kept them bright and fair.

Oh, for ever to be holding
Jubilee with Christ above,
And for ever still unfolding,
See the wonders of Thy love!

Shall *I* stand within those portals?
Shall *I* bow before Thy throne?
Join the song unsung by mortals?
LORD by grace, and grace alone!





Only Thou.

QH give what Thou commandest, LORD
And what Thou wilt command—
For gracious Power is Thy Word,
Almighty strength Thine Hand.

How oft in dark and troubled day,
In doubt, and grief, and fear,
Hast Thou not clearly shown the way,
And proved Thy presence near.

Whate'er the sacrifice or loss,
How bitter e'er the pain,
If only, LORD, we bear Thy cross,
Eternal is the gain.

Yea, though in anguish long and deep
Oft weary falls the night ;
We lay us down in faith to sleep,
The morn shall bring us light.

So be it, LORD, for this the land
Of dim and clouded sight,
But yonder joys the ransomed band
For ever in Thy light.

The future, LORD, whate'er it bring,
Must keep us close to Thee ;
Still, shall we truth and mercy sing,
Till yonder full we see.

Then, LORD, if only Thou be near,
Perform Thy gracious will ;
Thou art our strength and refuge here,
And there our portion still.





Longing.

WOULD that we were there above,
Where Thy saints for ever praise,
And in grateful holy love,
Gladsome hallelujahs raise.

Jesu, how we long to be,
Through Thy free and sovereign grace,
Where for ever we may see,
LORD, Thy bright and blessed Face.

There at length shall we be taught
All the purpose mercy-fraught,
What that precious blood hath bought,
And the Spirit's grace hath wrought.

There Thy saints most joyously—
Though on earth, alas, apart—
Raise their endless jubilee
Now with one united heart.

There, in sweetest melody,
Shall with holy voice we sing
Evermore the praises high
Of our glorious, Heavenly King.

There of joy a boundless sea
Shall our bitter tears become—
Gracious LORD, come speedily,
Come, O Jesu, fetch us home !

—*From the German of* E. G. WOLTERSDORF.





Matin Hymn.

(SPLENDOR PATERNÆ GLORIÆ.)

THOU Image of the Father bright,
Thou light of light, the spring of light,
Who from the light the light dost pour,
Thou day of days, for evermore,

Arise, Thou truest Sun divine,
And in Thy Father's brightness shine ;
Oh send Thy Spirit from above,
And kindle Thou the flame of love !

We come, with humbled hearts and meek,
And, Father, now Thy pardon seek ;
We ask to see Thy glorious Face—
We ask to feel Thy mighty grace.

LORD, nerve Thou us to deeds of right,
Oh shield against the wicked might ;
And in the sad and trying hour
To bear, give Thou the gracious power !

Oh rule our mind and inward taste,
Within a body true and chaste,
And let our faith in fervour glow,
Nor e'er deceitful poison know.

Be Thou our food, O Christ, on high,
Let faith our daily cup supply ;
We drink in sweet sobriety
The Spirit to satiety.

This day pass gladsome in Thy sight,
As chaste as blushing morning light ;
Our faith be strong as mid-day bright,
Nor know of doubt the lonely night.

Then, onward speed Thou morning light—
LORD, shield us with protection bright,
And teach that closest union
Between the Father and the Son !

—S. AMBROSE.





Vesper Hymn.

(CONDITOR ALME SIDERUM.)

FAIR Framer of the stars so bright,
Thou of believing hearts the light,
Thou blessed Christ, Redeemer dear,
Vouchsafe our humble prayers to hear.

In sov'reign pity Thou didst see
The sinner's coming misery ;
Thou didst the healing med'cine give,
That so a dying world might live.

And, like a bridegroom from his bower,
Thou didst, in our world's vesper-hour,
Amid its quickly deepening gloom,
Come from the Virgin-Mother's womb.

Whose power divine upon Thy throne
Shall every bending knee once own ;
All things in earth and heaven high
Acknowledge Thy supremacy.

The sun, his wings of light who folds,
The pallid moon, who vigil holds,
The sheen of yonder starry band—
Obey Thy sovèrign command.

Thou, Holy Jesu, when we call,
Oh hear, Thou coming Judge of all,
And from the treach'rous en'my's dart
To us Thy safety, LORD, impart !

Now glory, laud, and loudest praise
To Father and to Son we raise,
And to the Holy Paraclete,
As evermore is due and meet.—*Amen.*

—S. AMBROSE.





Another Vesper Hymn.

(O LUX BEATA TRINITAS.)



BLESSED light, O Trinity,
O Thou Essential Unity,
As yonder sinks the orb of day,
Shed Thou within the brighter ray !

At morn we bring our song of praise,
At eve our humble prayers raise—
We praise to all eternity—
In glory, bending, LORD, to Thee.

(*Doxology.*)

—S. AMBROSE.





The Clouded Light.

SHUT not out the kindly light,
Faint and fading though it seem,
For, of light the faintest gleam
Makes our earth and heaven bright.

Oft in dark and troubled day
Was the cloudy curtain rent ;
And a beam, from heaven sent,
Cheered us on the rugged way.

Oft our faint and struggling sight
Could the dazzling sunshine glare,
In its weakness, scarcely bear—
And we blessed the clouded light ;—

Blessed it when it veiled the sheen
Of the surely nearing scene ;
Blessed it for the sheltering screen
Us and burning heat between.

Is it not in clouded light
That on earth we know and sec,
Till at length the shadows flee
Far from yonder glorious height ?

Yet, at eve, when shadows fall,
See'st thou not of every hue
Cloudlets on the heavens blue,
Bearers of the gloomy pall.

And when darksome night at last
Reigns a lonely, silent queen,
Still the stars, with trembling sheen,
Speak the promise true and fast.

Jesu, grant Thy kindly light,
Just sufficient for the day,
Just sufficient for the way,
And at even make it bright !

For we know a better light
Streams, O Jesu, from Thy sight,
When the changeful day and night
Merge into Thy presence bright.





To-morrow !

TO-MORROW ! not a weary day,
Along the lonely pilgrim-way—
A gladsome, heav'nly morn,
Of golden sun-light born.

To-morrow ! not a day of care,
With broken sunshine here and there--
A morn of sweetest rest,
A day for ever blest.

To-morrow ! not a day of strife,
Of life that only part is life—
A morn of victory,
A day of melody.

To-morrow ! not of want nor grief,
Of partial fellowship and brief—
A morn without *one* fear,
A day without *one* tear.

To-morrow ! not day to part,
With falt'ring steps and aching heart—
 A joyous morn to meet,
 A day of commune sweet.

To-morrow ! not of dimmèd sight,
Then followed by the darksome night—
 A morn of vision bright,
 A day of constant light.

To-morrow ! not of hollow form,
Of pomp that ill conceals the worm—
 A morn of truth and love,
 An endless day above.

To-morrow ! not of doubt and fear,
A day of severed Churches here—
 But *one* unshaken Rock,
 And *one* united flock.

To-morrow ! when the LORD shall come,
And gather all His outcasts home,
 Where death, and curse, and sin
 No longer dwell within.

Until the shadows flee away,
Until it break, that gladsome day,
 Oh shed its glorious ray
 To cheer us on the way !



Christmas Hymn.

(ALTITUDO QUID HIC JACES.)

LORD of glory, LORD most high,
Does this stable now Thee hold ?
Thou, who framedst all, must lie
Cradled in the manger cold !
Oh what wondrous deed of grace,
Oh what ardour this of love !
Driven from the Father's face,
Jesus sought us from above.

Lo, Almighty Strength most weak,
Ah, how small Immensity—
Humbled, suffering, and meek,
Born is here Eternity—
Oh what wondrous deed of grace,
Oh what ardour this of love !
Driven from the Father's face,
Jesus sought us from above.

—*Ancient Latin Hymn.*



Ascension Hymn.

(JESU, NOSTRA REDEMPTIO.)

JESU, Thou Redeemer dear,
Thou our love and longing here,
Thou Creator art and LORD,
Ever the Incarnate Word.

Ah, what pity moved Thine heart
Thus to take the sinner's part,
And from death to set us free
By Thy dying agony !

Once to hell descending low,
To redeem us from the foe,
Victor now in triumph high,
Far exalted to the sky.

Saviour, by Thy faithful Will,
Sparing, conquer Thou our ill—
Hear, O LORD, our longing cry,
With Thy Face us satisfy.

Be on earth our chiefest joy,
Jesu, our reward on high—
Thou Thyself our glory be,
Now and through eternity !

—*Latin Hymn of the Eighth Century.*





An Humble Prayer.

AT Thy feet, my LORD, in grace—
Ever there let me remain !
LORD, I seek no higher place
Than the suppliant's post retain.

Ah, how often have I fled,
Jesu, chiefest good, from Thee,
Yet Thy precious grace has shed
Ray of sweetest hope in me.

Lift the veil, my blessèd LORD,
Let me not be earthward bound,
Let Thy good and faithful word
Now the note of welcome sound.

Weeping, like the Magdalene,
All forgetful of the rest,
Let me know the power unseen,
Let me be with pardon blest !

And as from the crowd I steal,
Passing on my joyous way,
In my inmost heart I feel :
Cease to weep but not to pray,

Feed among the lilies still,
Until streaks the golden day,
Till from yonder sunlit hill
All the shadows flee away !

Thou Thyself my prayer's ground—
Thou Whose love for ever bound
Whom Thy pity erst had found—
Jesu, Name of sweetest sound :

Now in wingèd thoughts of love,
Bending, LORD, we own Thy grace—
But we jubilee above
Evermore before Thy Face !





Easter Carol.

GOLDEN light streaks early day—
Softly tread your sorrowing way ;
But what glorious vision meets,
And what sound the mourners greets :
Christ is risen to-day,
See where Jesus lay,
Hallelujah !

Praise the LORD, who mighty broke
Bands of death, as He had spoke ;
Praise the LORD who smote the foes;
Praise the LORD who conq'ring rose :
Christ is risen to-day,
See where Jesus lay,
Hallelujah !

Praise and honour to the Son
For the glorious vict'ry won,
Guilt is buried in the gloom
Of the Saviour's empty tomb :

Christ is risen to-day,
See where Jesus lay,
Hallelujah !

He has borne our righteous doom,
Who has left the new-made tomb—
Carry pardon's gladsome sound
On to earth's remotest bound :
Christ is risen to-day,
See where Jesus lay,
Hallelujah !

Now may ransomed sinners sing :
Conquered death where is thy sting ?
Grave where is thy victory ?
Join in sweetest melody :
Christ is risen to-day,
See where Jesus lay,
Hallelujah !

Sin and Satan lost their power,
From the seed has burst the flower,—
—Precious fruit shall gather
For the store of our Father :
Christ is risen to-day,
See where Jesus lay,
Hallelujah !

Once my heart was like that tomb,
Full of sorrow, full of gloom,

But the stone was rolled away
On the resurrection-day—
Christ is risen to-day,
See where Jesus lay,
Hallelujah !

Onwards on the pilgrim-way,
In the light of Sabbath-day—
Angel chorus lead the song,
Joinèd by the martyr throng:
Christ is risen to-day,
See where Jesus lay,
Hallelujah !

Till in brightest light above
We repeat that theme of love—
Stay Thou with us, gracious LORD,
By Thy Spirit, in Thy Word :
Christ is risen to-day,
See where Jesus lay,
Hallelujah !





Ascension Hymn.



ALL hail the glorious risen King !
Let voices from the sky
Join sweetest melody
With feebler songs on earth that ring :
Hosannah, David's Son,
For victory is won !

The glorious hosts of heaven meet
And claim Him as their own,
We call Him David's Son,
And in the skies our Brother greet—
Hosannah, David's Son,
For victory is won !

The blessing from the cloud that showers,
In wondrous twofold birth
Of heaven is and earth—
He is both yours, ye hosts, and ours :
Hosannah, David's Son,
For victory is won !

To both belongs the meed of love ;
For heaven's eternal LORD
Became Incarnate Word—
He lived on earth, and reigns above :
Hosannah, David's Son,
For victory is won !

He left us with a blessing here,
And took it to the sky ;
The blessing from on high
Bespeaks to us His Presence near :
Hosannah, David's Son,
For victory is won !

Our Saviour, Advocate, and King,
Does still in heaven retain
The emblems of His pain,
And hears the faintest prayers we bring :
Hosannah, David's Son,
For victory is won !

Behold, above, our Risen Head
His work on earth hath pled—
Lo ! death is captive led,
And life in rich effusion shed :
Hosannah, David's Son,
For victory is won !

With twofold blessings we are blest—
Not gone away, but gone
Is God's eternal Son,
Preparing us a place of rest :
Hosannah, David's Son,
For victory is won !

And better blessings yet shall greet ;
For, as He went on high,
Returning from the sky
The Saviour here on earth we meet :
Hosannah, David's Son,
For victory is won !

His voice the earth and heaven shakes—
O day for ever blest,
When those in Christ that rest,
Archangel's mighty trumpet wakes :
Hosannah, David's Son,
For victory is won !

The Spirit came, the gift of grace,
One longing, LORD, is stilled,
One promise is fulfilled—
And now we wait to see Thy Face :
Hosannah, David's Son,
For victory is won !

Now praise Him, heaven, and earth, and deep,
And ye seraphic choirs,
That strike the heavenly lyres,
Accord with one eternal sweep :
Hosannah, David's Son,
For victory is won !





Care.

ALONE with God, and no one near,
My sorrow or my cry to hear ;
For none on earth may know that care
Which Thou alone canst help to bear.

Yet does this grief not spring from sin,
From doubt and unbelief within ?
This heavy burden which I bear,
What is it but the morrow's care ?

Could I but see Thy blessed Face,
Could I but feel Thy precious grace,
Each burden would become a prayer,
And all around be bright and fair !





Wrestling.

YES, right—it *must* be right,
Whate'er Thy will or deed ;
And we alone who see not light,
Till Thou us gently lead.

It must be right—that keenest grief,
That wearing agony—
And is there not most sweet relief,
While suffering, LORD, in Thee ?

Thou *canst* not leave us, blessed LORD,
All sinful though we be ;
We hold Thee by Thy gracious word,
And, trembling, cleave to Thee.





Our Lonely Home.

TIS Sabbath in our lonely home—
For solemn, low, and still
Are all the men that go and come,
And speak of Thy good-will.

'Tis Sabbath, children, sure, to-day,
For empty is her place ;
And she has gone from us to pray,
And worship at Thy face.

'Tis Sabbath, sure, and Sabbath-rest
For ever does she take,
In glory there among the blest,
Where nought her rest can break.

'Tis Sabbath, children, sure, to-day—
For angels have been here,
And as they bore her by the way,
Bespoke the Saviour near.

Full sure 'tis Sabbath-day, my love,
For death hath lost its sting ;
And thou art now with Christ above,
Where all of triumph sing.

Hush, children dear, we must not weep,
For Sabbath-days are blest ;
The week had toil and anguish deep,
The Sabbath brought her rest !





The Best is yet to Come!*

HOW much, O LORD, we owe to Thee,
In this our pilgrim-home ;
Yet brighter far we long to see—
The best is yet to come !

With grateful hearts, in songs of love,
Thy Church records her birth ;
But nobler hymns shall ring above
Than those we raise on earth.

What though our comforts here decline,
And earthly joys be past ?
Our heavenly guest prepares the wine—
The best shall come at last !

Beyond this land of doubt and fears
Are mansions of the blest ;
Beyond this weary vale of tears
'Tis never-ending rest !

* Words of comfort suggested by a Christian friend.

Oh sweetest hope of weary heart,
Oh blest and lasting home,
Oh rich and never-failing part—
The best is yet to come !

Then every broken tie, O LORD,
Is bound in Thee anew ;
Then every promised word
Is felt most firm and true.

If even faith on earth be sweet,
What, when the dimness past,
We joy in consolation meet—
The best has come at last !



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